

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers

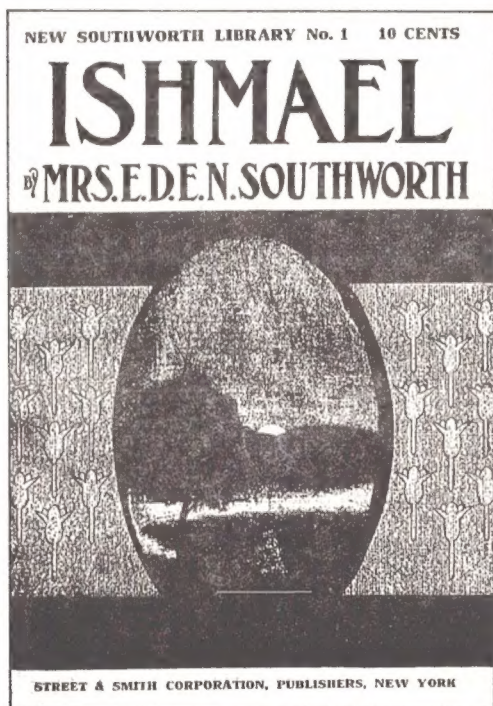
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## THE HESS COLLECTION: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

By Deidre Johnson



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## THE HESS COLLECTION: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE\*

By Deidre Johnson

Despite the title of this article, its focus is actually on several of the special collections and some of the items available for research at the Children's Literature Research Collections (CLRC) at the University of Minnesota Library, in Minneapolis.

The CLRC is composed of five basic collections. The Kerlan focusses on children's literature, as well as original manuscripts and illustrations. The Hess contains popular literature of the 19th and 20th century, with special emphasis on dime novels and series books. Several smaller collections include the Rogers Collection of Edward S. Ellis materials, the Paul Bunyan collection of articles, books, and memorabilia about Paul Bunyan, and the Beulah Counts Rudolph collection of figurines representing characters in children's literature.

The Kerlan Collection came to the University of Minnesota in 1949, with a donation of some 6,000 books plus original materials. It now has over 40,000 books, approximately one-eighth of which are inscribed by the author or illustrator, and roughly 5,000 manuscripts and illustrations. The collection's specialty is notable or award-winning books for children. This includes many books that regularly appear on "recommended reading" lists, and books that constitute the "canon" of children's literature—in other words, books accepted by the literary establishment—librarians and educators.

For 19th century publications, the Kerlan has some titles from many of the "respectable" series that flourished from 1840 on, such as Jacob Abbott's prim and proper ROLLO books, Sophie May's LITTLE PRUDY, FLAXIE FRIZZLE, DOTTY DIMPLE, and QUINEBASSET series for girls, Oliver Optic's YOUNG AMERICA travel series, Elizabeth Champney's VASSAR GIRLS and WITCH WINNIE series, and Hezekiah Butterworth's ZIG-ZAG CLUB books. These supplement the holdings in the Hess Collection. Their inclusion in the Kerlan also serves as a reminder that in the 19th century the lines of demarcation between acceptable and unacceptable literature were not drawn so strongly as they would be a few decades later.

The Kerlan Collection's strength, however, lies in its 20th century materials, which is understandable since that is really when the field began to distinguish between children's books and children's *literature*. As more and more libraries began to establish separate sections for children, a special type of librarian, the children's librarian, emerged. Along with others concerned with the quality of children's literature, they tried to promote higher standards in writing and illustration in books for children. One of the figures at the forefront of this movement was, of course, Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Librarian of the Boy Scouts of America, who campaigned for a National Children's Book Week (begun in 1919); along with him were others like Anne Carroll Moore, children's librarian at the New York Public Library, who reviewed children's books for *The Bookman* from 1918 to 1927 and for the *New York Herald Tribune Book Section*. One of the results of their work was booklists, like *The Winnetka Graded Book List*, which sprang out of the very real need for teachers and others working with children to have functional bibliographies, so

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they'd know what to recommend to young readers and what to purchase for school libraries. Another effect was the establishment in 1922 of the Newbery Award—the Oscar of children's books—to be awarded annually "to the most distinguished contribution to literature for children" published in America the previous year. The Kerlan has all of the Newbery Award winners.

Because of its emphasis on notable children's books, the Kerlan Collection offers the chance to examine the types of books that received the seal of approval, to compare and contrast trends in traditional and popular children's literature. For example, early travel series, such as the VASSAR GIRLS, YOUNG AMERICA, and ROLLO, are written from an outsiders' perspective, with Americans seeing the wonders—and flaws—of other countries, but always as visitors, with a clear demarcation between "us" and "them." In the early 1900s, however, many of the library-approved series began to shift to an insiders' perspective, with the protagonists of the stories native to the lands portrayed, emphasizing instead the universality of people's emotions and experiences. Lucy Fitch Perkins's TWINS series, the most popular series mentioned in the *Winnetka Graded Book List*, is perhaps the best example of this, although several other books and series also illustrate this trend. Many of the books winning the Newbery Award or honorable mention in the 1920s also reflected an increased awareness of the rest of the world or the excitement of travel. TALES FROM THE SILVER LANDS, the award winner from 1925, recounts stories based on South American folk tales; THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW, from 1929, is historical fiction set in 15th century Poland. What is notable about this trend is that it seems to mark a divergence from the types of stories published in the series books or even the adventure pulps, which retained the older, outsiders' perspective. The Newbery books were published at about the same time Stratemeyer was launching DON STURDY on his world-wide travels and resurrecting DAVE FEARLESS for more fantastic—but equally global—adventures.

A second aspect of the Kerlan Collection is that it can sometimes provide another perspective on authors associated with series books. For example, Sam and Beryl Epstein, who wrote the KEN HOLT series under the pseudonym Bruce Campbell, also authored numerous non-fiction works, many of which are in the Kerlan. Similarly, the Collection has several books by Jim Lawrence, who also ghosted some of the HARDY BOYS, TOM SWIFT, JRS., and CHRISTOPHER COOLS, and by Margaret Sutton, author of the JUDY BOLTON series.

The aspect of the Kerlan that attracts the most notice, however, is usually its emphasis on the process of bookmaking—in addition to books, the Collection has massive holdings of the materials that show the stages of a book's development or the ways that writers write. This includes correspondence between authors and their editors, drafts of manuscripts, illustrators' dummies and sketches, corrected galleys and page proofs, and even letters from readers, showing their response to the finished product.

Sadly, the Collection doesn't have original materials by Stratemeyer, Alger, Adams, or other boys' adventure writers from the 19th century—how we wish we did!—but we do have a few items from 20th century authors.

Another author represented in the collection is Margaret Sutton. She sent a photocopy of the plot synopsis for her JUDY BOLTON book, THE WHISPERED WATCHWORD. She has also donated assorted memorabilia, including photocopies of books she made to read to her own children, assorted clippings about important incidents in her life, and photocopies of some unpublished manuscripts. Some show "behind the scenes" writings, those she

did for her family, not intended for publication. She would write a short story, and make a book by typing up the text, then finding illustrations from magazines or catalogues and pasting them onto the pages. We have several examples of this; the book shaped like a bunny is one. It has a note from Sutton attached, explaining she kept the original copy to read to the children at Easter. The unpublished manuscript, titled THE WISHING TREE MYSTERY, also has a note attached. It states: "This was originally one of my 'LITTLE LINDA stories.' I started to expand it into the first book of the series at the suggestion of my G&D editor, Alice Thorne. I had several books planned when she left the firm and later died,"—an insight into the way some series books are published—or left unpublished.

A second major collection in the CLRC is the Hess Collection, comprised primarily of inexpensive, popular literature from the 19th and 20th centuries, encompassing everything from story papers, dime novels, and series books to some adult popular fiction and early paperbacks (including armed services editions) to pulps and comic books.

The core of the collection was donated by George Hess, who was born in 1873 and grew up when boys still regularly read dime novels. In one of his "Newsy Notes" in *Dime Novel Round-Up*, Ralph Cummings included the story of how Hess became interested in dime novels: "When George was a youngster he pedaled daily papers, out in Omaha, Nebr., and used to divide his papers at the firehouse, and one day he picked up a [dime] novel after the firemen had read it, and started to read it himself, so from then on he's been a dime novel fan."

Actually, that last statement is incorrect—Hess discarded his dime novels as he grew older, and didn't begin collecting again until 1928. One of his goals was to find at least one of the dime novels he'd owned as a boy—he'd apparently signed his name in each one—but he never did.

In the process, however, he amassed an amazing collection—roughly 17,000 British dime novels, periodicals, annuals, and boys' books in parts; 1,000 American periodicals, 30,000 American dime novels, and 5,000 hardcover series books—totalling approximately 50,000 items.

Along with collecting dime novels, Hess was a member of the *Dime Novel Round-Up* Happy Hour Brotherhood from 1938 until his death in 1954, when his collection came to the University of Minnesota. Since then, additional donations by Charles Bragin, Herbert Leitstein, and Edward LeBlanc have added substantially to the collection's dime novel and series book holdings.

The Hess Collection is absolutely astounding—so much so, that it's difficult to know where to begin describing it. It has extensive holdings in Beadle & Adams dime novels, many of which are now on microfilm, as part of University Microfilms International's DIME NOVELS: ESCAPE FICTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. This 73-reel set covers roughly 3,000 titles—not all by Beadle & Adams. Since the Hess has a complete set of the microfilm, researchers can look at the dime novels, but use the microfilm for heavy reading or for having photocopies made—saving wear and tear on the fragile dime novels. Incidentally, because a special camera was made, none of the dime novels were damaged in the filming. A more recent grant also allowed microfilming of roughly 4,100 additional dime novels, mostly Street & Smith publications. The Collection has a set of the microfilm for researchers—and a second set for out-of-townners, available through Interlibrary Loan.

In addition to its Beadle & Adams material, the Hess has items from numerous other publishers. It has a number of story papers, including a 15-year run of *Golden Days*, a 7-year run of *Good News*, and the first 23 years of *Boys Own Annual*, with scattered volumes from later years. The



Collection also contains one issue of *Bright Days*, Stratemeyer's own story paper, and several issues of *Young Sports* and *Young Sports Library*, before and after it became *Young People of America*. We're still acquiring titles, through purchases and donations, to try to complete as many of the series as possible.

Among the paperback novels, the Collection holds numbers 2 through 15 in the paperback DAVE FEARLESS series published by Garden City; it also holds the first 13 NAT RIDLEY titles, another of the four paperback series issued by the Stratemeyer Syndicate in 1926-7.

Many of the NAT RIDLEY stories are adaptations of dime novels Stratemeyer originally wrote for the *Old Cap Collier Library*—and the Collection also has most of these dime novels.

The Hess also has many issues of the *New York Weekly*, including those carrying the serialized version of "Estelle, the Little Cuban Rebel," a romance Edward Stratemeyer wrote under the pseudonym Edna Winfield. So far, this appears to be Stratemeyer's first historical fiction, although it's far more fiction and adventure than history and romance.

A second aspect of the *New York Weekly* was its fiction installment. For at least several months in 1897 and 1898, the *Weekly* included an entire novel as a supplement to each issue. The Collection has most of the first 23 of these, including one by Julia Edwards, a pseudonym that may have been used by Stratemeyer—although not for this title, which was originally published in 1877.

Several other Stratemeyer Edna Winfield titles are also represented, through the HOLLY LIBRARY series, published by Mershon from about 1898 through at least 1901.

Of interest to dime novel researchers rather than just Stratemeyer collectors are a few other items. One is office copies of Beadle & Adams' *Saturday Journal*. Most of our volumes have a sheet of Beadle & Adams stationery pasted inside the front cover, listing the stories in the issues, with pencilled notations bearing reprint information. A handwritten note on the endpapers of the third volume says that the annotations are in Mr. Beadle's handwriting.

Second are two bits of ephemera from Street & Smith. One is an advertising poster, circa 1930. This is actually a 2-page poster, with one page printed on both sides. It advertises titles from fourteen of Street & Smith's paperback series.

The second item is a cardboard box with its cover illustrated with pictures of Street & Smith's paperback series. (This isn't handmade—the paper for the cover is printed with the design.)

The Collection also has some publishers' catalogues, including Street & Smith catalogues from most years from 1925 to 1933. The larger catalogue, from 1911, is actually a special sales publication for the nickel weeklies. It reprints opening chapters from three dime novels from *Tip Top Weekly*, *Nick Carter Weekly*, and *Buffalo Bill Stories*, followed by a list of titles in each series.

In addition to the dime novels and serials, the Hess Collection, of course, has series books and popular boys' books from the 19th century. It includes a copy of THE YOUNG ADVENTURER, autographed by Horatio Alger, and most of his other works in various editions.

The series book collection's strength lies in its scope. Although it lacks many of the scarcer titles—including all ten titles on Dr. Dizer's "most wanted" list—it has representative titles from most series, ranging from the 1860s through the 1940s, with some holdings after that date. This can prove useful for comparative studies—for example, Anne MacLeod's article on Nancy Drew and her rivals was based on research with

girls' series books at the Collection.

Although the Hess Collection is primarily American editions, it does occasionally receive foreign books. Included are foreign editions of titles from three Stratemeyer Syndicate series—DEPARTMENT OF DANGER and MISSION: MOONFIRE from the CHRIS COOL/TEEN AGENT series, THE FIREBIRD ROCKET from the HARDY BOYS, and THE SECRET IN THE OLD ATTIC from NANCY DREW. The latter two are Swedish; the other Icelandic.

One addition to the Collection was a purchase in the 1960s of 534 BIG LITTLE BOOKS, including the last two TOM SWIFTS.

Another donation was Charles Messecar's complete set of *American Boy*, spanning 1900 to 1941. Among other things, the magazine provides a striking contrast to the type of illustrations—and fiction—found in story papers like *Good News* and *Golden Hours*. It features the final appearance of Stratemeyer's Civil War story, IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG (5/06-6/07), parts of which ran concurrently with one of the serialized Stratemeyer Algiers, THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT (6/06-11/06). It also contains three MARK TIDD stories, by Clarence Budington Kelland, never released in book form—"Mark Tidd in Palestine" (12/26-3/27), "Mark Tidd in Paris" (10/29-1/30), and "Mark Tidd Back Home" (4/31-7/31).

Our most recent donation is the Denis R. Rogers/Edward S. Ellis Collection, which came to the University in 1986. It includes roughly 1,100 British and American hardcover books by Ellis and a few of his contemporaries, over 300 European editions of Ellis titles, plus dime novels in over 60 different series, and 57 different periodicals. It also includes microfilm, photocopies, Rogers' typed transcriptions of Ellis stories, plus correspondence and notes covering more than 30 years of research, and the typescript for the original version of Rogers's bibliography, A GUIDE TO EDWARD S. ELLIS, and the partial revision. Rogers's correspondence alone fills 18 manuscript boxes. We're working on a guide to the correspondence and notes, since they contain so much useful information.

One of the scarcest titles—if not *the* scarcest—in the Ellis Collection is volume one of A GRANDFATHER'S HISTORIC STORIES OF OUR COUNTRY—the only volume we have. This is part of a 10-volume set that Ellis hoped would be his masterpiece. He visualized it along the lines of Peter Parley's two-volume UNIVERSAL HISTORY OF AMERICA (1837) (ghostwritten by Nathaniel Hawthorne), but Ellis's work was an economic failure. Ellis's descendants have one set of HISTORIC STORIES, and the Library of Congress has another, but those appear to be the only other copies in existence.

As some of Denis Rogers's articles for *Dime Novel Round-Up* suggest, the Rogers/Ellis Collection is useful not just for the study of Ellis, but for information about publishing practices in England and America. His article, "A Publication Pattern of Edward S. Ellis" (co-authored with J. Edward Leithead) traced the different formats used by Porter & Coates, Henry T. Coates, and John C. Winston. The six editions of THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING and the two editions of THE LAST WAR TRAIL show the different formats used by the three publishers. First, the standard Porter & Coates cover used for most juvenile titles until approximately 1890; second, the individualized covers used for the different series, in this case circa 1891; third, the Henry T. Coates cover for the Ellis titles reissued in the ROUNABOUT LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, circa 1898. He describes the edition issued by John C. Winston: first, the early Winston edition of the ROUNABOUT LIBRARY, circa 1905; second, the individualized series covers, circa 1907; third, the EDWARD S. ELLIS PIONEER SERIES OF BOOKS FOR BOYS, circa 1915. The formats of the two editions of THE LAST WAR TRAIL are chronologically just before and after the 1915 edition. The first is for



THE NEW LIBRARY OF FAMOUS BOOKS, by Edward S. Ellis, circa 1909, and has the series title stamped on the spine; the other, from the 1920s has a similar format, but no series title on the spine.

Finally, the Ellis Collection truly illustrates the extent to which American popular culture—especially stories of the frontier—is exported to other parts of the world.

This has been only a short survey of some of the materials available to researchers in the CLRC. We hope some of you will visit the Collection and see more of our holdings firsthand.

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## FRANK MERRIWELL VS. FRED FEARNOT

By Ralph P. Smith

(First appeared in Frank T. Fries' *Frank Reade Library*, Vol. 1, No. 1-4, September-December, 1928)

It was a gala day in Fredonia!

Never in the history of the town had so many people been seen in the quiet little village. Never in the history of the town had such a continuous flood of humanity been poured into the streets from trains, automobiles and, yes—even airplanes. Never in the history of the world had there congregated so huge a throng to witness a sporting event.

Fred Fearnot, whose feats of sportsmanship and whose deeds of daring had been chronicled to the far ends of the earth for twenty-five consecutive years, had announced his retirement from athletics, business and all forms of active life.

Tonight he was to be married. The fair Evelyn, whose regard for him had never waned, was about to become the bride of the famous young man of Fredonia. Fred, in marrying, decided that his life was too full of pitfalls and danger to risk her future with an endangered husband, and decided to retire to his large estate and so pass the remainder of their days in a well earned peace and security.

A fitting climax to his career was to take place this afternoon, and upon the conclusion of this event, the ceremony was to be privately performed which would make them man and wife.

The great Frank Merriwell was to contend with the celebrated Fred Fearnot at three o'clock this afternoon in a baseball game at the new bowl erected especially for the occasion.

Dick Dobbs, the Millionaire detective, who for the past ten years had collected more money than any man in America, had parted with considerable of his finances to make this great, free event possible, and to allow all interested to attend.

The great bowl was the largest of its kind ever erected. Seating one million and twenty thousand people, its tiers of sections arose on all sides, like sky scrapers and made the normal diamond seem diminutive by comparison.

This was the last congregating of the old dime novel heroes, and it was to be something that would be remembered through posterity.

Tex Ricard had accepted the responsibility of staging the affair, and had done himself proud in all phases of the undertaking.

The Bradys had been commissioned by the Government to look after the law abiding element, for this affair was of such tremendous proportions, that one person in every hundred in the United States was to be a witness. The white haired old man in blue could be seen talking with a younger man, dressed as himself in the shadow of the dome on the home plate grandstand.

They with a special crew, aided by Ted Strong's Rough Riders, policed the place and kept all in order.

"Well, Fred," said Terry Olcott, "I don't know who is the more nervous, you or I. Nor do I know who will be the more nervous tonight, old chap, for both ceremonies are affairs in which I never joined before."

Fred was opening letters and telegrams in their rooms. Mostly they were congratulations for their double wedding to take place that night. Some were congratulations from old enemies, who wished them well. A few were bitter slurs cast by bitter enemies, who neither forgot nor forgave. Largely they were regrets from old heroes who could not attend.

"Nick Carter cannot come," said Fred, laying aside a long letter. "He is working on the 'Cyclops' case, you know, the ship that left port and was never seen again."

"If Nick is on the affair, then," said Terry, "it's in the hands of the world's most experienced man."

"The Three Chums, Ben Bright, Tom True and Dot Dare will be here," Fred said. "You know they started working for the Tousey publications about the same time we did. Gee, I'll be glad to see them."

"Me, too," laughed Terry. "Hope they bring Little Pun with them. But I guess Punny will be about forty years old now."

"Yes, that's the trouble Terry. If we put this off much longer, all the old crowd will have passed on to better fields of endeavor. Even now many are gone."

"Makes a fellow feel old," laughed Terry. "You saw where Young Klondike and Klondike Kit called it off down in the Kimberly African mine region and both succumbed to fever down there."

"Tough," answered Fred. "Old Broadbrim died seven years ago, and Old Cap Collier ten years ago."

The doorbell rang at this moment and voices were heard in the hall. Fred looked out to see who.

It was an old man, tall, but stooped a little. He wore a pair of bagy trousers and sneakers. He had no hat, and his hair was long. His face was tanned to the color of dark copper, and strong black eyes looked out from under a strong, straight brow. Most characteristic was a dirty, red blanket, which he had draped over one shoulder.

"How?" he greeted, when he saw Fred. "Joe, he look for um Strong-heart. Boy on street say find um here. Joe look, no see. Joe eyes no good no more."

"Hello," cried Fearnot. "Can it be Old Joe Crowfoot?"

"Joe's body here. Heart no here. Spirit no here, Joe should be in Happy Hunting Grounds heap long time ago. Many moons since Joe see Strong-heart. Think um never see no more. Joe go way in hills to die. No die. Joe hear Strongheart here. Joe think um come see. Joe leave um West when snow come. Just now get here. No can move good now. Never see um snow again. Joe stiff in um joints. No last much longer. Heap fine to see Strongheart. Show um me."

Fred was delighted to see the old savage and directed him to Merriwell's abode. The rate at which Joe went in that direction belied his statement of weakness; but Fred knew the failings of the Indian, among which was delusion, either fancied or real, that he was getting weaker all the time.

Although the Red Man must have been seventy-five years old, he had crossed the great continent just to glimpse his old friend, to whom, long years ago, he had entrusted his ward, Dick Merriwell.

"Well, you old reprobate," smiled Frank Merriwell, as he shook the wrinkled hand of Old Joe Crowfoot. "I swear you haven't changed one lit-



tle bit in all the years."

Old Joe grunted, a look of real pleasure in the usually expressionless countenance. "Strongheart say fine words. Old Joe glad. Old Joe see young man, where older man should be. Strongheart like oak tree that stand wind and many storms. Old Joe like fruit tree that live awhile and bimeby fall with heavy rain. When heart is strong, body strong."

There was quite a gathering in Merry's rooms. Out from one of the adjoining rooms strode a handsome youthful looking man with dark hair and eyes. But two words were spoken: "Old Joe."

"Injun heart."

There was a happy reunion in the rooms that morning. Old friends were coming and going every hour, but a few stayed on. These few consisted of the ball nine that Frank had selected, and a few ladies. Among the women were Elsie Hodge, Inza Merriwell, June Merriwell, Winnie Badger and Mrs. Buckhart.

Many happy hours were spent in talking over old times. The perils that had beset them in foreign lands, the fun and adventures on the stage, on the railroad, the grand tour of America, when they had become the world's champions in the amateur class, the wonderful times in the Mad-River Baseball league, the terrible adventures that Frank and Dick had gone through to retain possession of their "Queen Mystery" and other mines left them by their father. And so on, the veritable history of their lives was spun, scene by scene. A listener-in would have heard of Frank Merriwell's great idea: "The American School of Athletic Development." One would have heard of winning the Olympics by Dick Merriwell and of him losing his fortune in a South American revolution. Then would have been heard the founding of "The Merriwell Company," which tackled projects of all sizes and descriptions.

At the present time, Frank had settled down, as head of his Athletic School, with Bart Hodge and Bruce Browning as heads of departments. Dick was the active head of "The Merriwell Company" and Frank's son, Frank, Jr., was managing a division of the Airmail.

Many glances of admiration were cast at Merry by Bart Hodge. His usual dark countenance was aglow with pleasure at the reception tendered Frank and his chums. Things had not always been thus. Bart could remember not so many years ago that an old college or school acquaintance of his and Frank's would warmly greet Merriwell, to cast him barely a cold nod. Tonight, however, many were the hearty handshakes he had received. Those who had misunderstood him in the past, more than made up for it.

Merry had been figuring on the back of a long envelope, and turning to the boys said: "You men are going to start the ball rolling this afternoon. If you are all in condition you'll stay in, but if anyone shows any signs of being winded, I'm going to bench him. I don't want to start back home with a trainful of invalids. This applies to myself, too."

"Count me out now," grunted Bruce Browning, puffing at a meerschaum pipe. "I'm winded before we start."

"You're going to start," laughed Merry. "I've heard you say those very same words before. And, for a fat man, I've yet to see anyone with as much pep as you manifest, once you get into action."

"Trouble is," put in Buckhart, "he sure doesn't start till about the eighth inning." But Brad was silenced by a pillow burried in his face.

"Here's the line-up fellows," called Frank. "See what you think of it."

Buckhart	cf	Merriwell, R.	1b	Diamond	ss
Gallup	1f	Mulloy	2b	Merriwell, F.	p
Rattleton	rf	Browning	3b	Hodge	c

"Fine," cried Dick Merriwell. "There's only one troubling thing, Frank. You haven't left a place for Cap'n Wiley."

"What ho, mates," came a voice from the corridor, who's taking my name in vain?" And into the room came a strange spectacle.

He was of medium height, but inclined to stoutness, but his dress was the most arresting feature. He wore a felt hat, a red sweater, a pair of plus-fours, checkered blue socks and patent leather shoes.

"Cap'n Wiley," Frank greeted him. "So they haven't killed you off yet?"

"Still on the globe, mate," chuckled Wiley. "The report of my demise was greatly exaggerated, so I just thought I'd heave to and cast anchor, as I wrote brother Richard. Brother Richard knew I was coming didn't you Dick? Why, hello Chief," he added, catching sight of Old Joe Crowfoot, "I thought you'd have vanished from this terrestrial sphere ere now. Put her there Old Sock-in-the-wash."

"How, Breeze Mouth," grunted Old Joe.

"May your shadow never grow less," said Wiley. "Now mates, I'll tell you how come I've just come. When I was notified of the little reunion, I was running silk from Japan to Mexico. I shook out all sail, weighed anchor and boxed the compass. Before long, I was headed in a straight line for here. I noticed a cloud of black smoke in the sky, but didn't pay much attention to it. However, ere long, it began to settle down into the sea and no matter which way you looked you couldn't see a thing. You couldn't see the sea. I was standing at the wheel and I felt this dark cloud getting thick. Before long I could hardly move at all."

"And then what," asked Dick.

"And then, realizing I was in a fix, I put my stupendous intellect to work on the problem. To call for help was of no avail, for if I couldn't move, how could the crew? For days and days, I just stood there at the wheel, powerless to move, and knowing not whither I drifted. Finally I hit upon an idea which would release me from this cloud."

"Phwat was it?" asked Barney Mulloy. "Did yez foind a knoife?"

"Mates," said the Cap'n, "It's plain to be seen I am disbelieved. I refuse to disclose my plan. It was not needed anyway. The cloud started to get thinner, and at length I was freed. It was a close call. I had gone a hundred miles off my course, grown an inch of beard and lost fifteen pounds. But say! I almost forgot something. A gentleman handed me this letter and asked me to give it to Frank."

Merry opened the letter. It was written in two sentences. It read: "The Magic Spectacles. A Man to be Avenged."

"What is that nonsense Frank?" asked Diamond.

"Phew-ew-ew-ew!" whistled Merry.

The great bowl was filled to capacity, except for a few sections of the top tier, and into these remote seats, a steady file of persons wended their way across the narrow aisles, and numerous feet extended thereinto. It was a noisy and boisterous crowd, but withal a happy one.

Behind the batter's position was a stand, built out from the rest of the grandstand, which was gaily bedecked with bunting and flags and which housed some one hundred individuals of evident importance. On either side of the President of the United States, were Cummings and Smith of the Happy Hours Brotherhood, and next to Cummings was Fries, who was instrumental in bringing Frank Merriwell back in 1927, to Sport Story readers, and beside them and in back were the rank and file of the Happy Hours Boys, due to whose united efforts, this tremendous spectacle had been arranged. Its members, ranging from California to Maine, were all present, and a happy, joyous crowd they were.



Lining the bases and before the wings of the grandstand were long boxes full of people in all manner of dress and appearance. There were about half a hundred in each section, in which was also housed the respective nines of Fearnot and Merriwell. These people were the old dime novel heroes and friends who were able to attend the gathering.

In addition to the field glasses in each row, were accousticon phones, which were connected with the umpire's positions in the underground boxes. It was evident that those who failed to see all could at least hear what they missed seeing, either directly from the umpires, as they announced each play, or from Graham McNamee, who was broadcasting from a special tower erected over the roof of the Happy Hours Brotherhood box, and two of his friends: Mr. Rickard and his stenographer.

The snappy outfit, known as the Rough Riders, was patrolling the grounds on horseback. But it seemed that in such an orderly group, no police protection was necessary. However, scattered at various distances were plain clothes detectives, most of whom had figured in some novel of the past.

It was just ten minutes before play was to be announced.

Off in section DZF, a gathering of men, half dozen in number, were displaying a placard, which one could read with the aid of field glasses: "GOOD LUCK FEARNOT". Disdaining an invitation to sit with the other heroes, the "Chickering Set" had assembled, hoping to see the final downfall of Frank Merriwell.

Ollie Lord, in his choker, and Lew Veazie, foppishly lisping his animosity, were being frowned upon by the master hypocrite, Chickering, himself, who was saying, "Oh, I say now: Let's have fair play. I hope the best man wins."

In the boxes opposite third base, where sat the Merriwell nine, Bart Hodge was walking up and down, thumping his fist into his gloved left hand. At his side was Bruce Browning, no less excited.

"Here's the note," exclaimed Hodge, handing over a telegram. "This is what Merry handed me at 2:00 o'clock, as he grabbed his hat and ran."

Browning read the telegram, which was addressed to Frank. It was as follows: "Passing through Fredonia enroute to coast. Try see me. Train in 2:00 o'clock. Signed, Felicia Delores."

"Who the heck is Felicia Delores?" exploded Bruce.

"She was Dick's Western childhood playmate," explained Bart. "She is also his cousin. Dick went with Frank. Neither of them has seen or heard of her for twenty long years. She went to Spain and stayed with relatives. She is Spanish, and of course you know Dick Merriwell's mother was a Spanish lady."

"Well, they ought to be back by now. It's five minutes to three and almost time for the game to begin. What are we going to do?"

"That's a question.—Hello, here's Dick!"

Dick Merriwell came into the tunnel under the grandstand in a slow trot. He came right up to Hodge and Browning and grabbed the former by the shoulder.

"Frank's missing!" he cried. "He never reached the station. Where he went, or what happened, no one knows. I should have stayed and helped in the hunt, but the game must go on—we can't disappoint all these people. Doesn't it beat the Dutch?" Dick gritted his teeth. "I sent Bowery Billy over to see if he could locate Frank. Look! There are the umpires!"

Frank Manley and Dick Daresome strolled out onto the diamond.

As Daresome adjusted his mask behind the plate, Manley strode out to beyond the pitcher's box, while the Fearnot team came in off the field.

A mighty cheer went up.

Fred Fearnot strode out to meet and talk with the umpire.

A tremendous ovation was given him.

Dick Merriwell entered the diamond.

While there was considerable cheering and a tremendous noise, one could notice an undercurrent of surprise that rolled through the crowd and hear the oft repeated question: "Where's Frank?"

A coin was tossed, and Merriwell's team took the field and Fearnot's team prepared to bat.

The umpire, Manley, removed his cap and took a step or two forward. He held up his hand for a few minutes before the crowd quieted down, and then he made the announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Bat-teries for today! Fearnot's team: Fearnot and Olcott! Merriwell's team: Wiley and Hodge!"

First, a stunned crowd. Then, an angry crowd. And finally, a throaty crowd took up the yell, "Where is Merriwell! We want Frank Merriwell!"

Up in section DZF, a half dozen genuine disappointed bloods received this announcement in disgust. "Jutht like him," lisped Lew Veazie. "Knew he'd get knocked out of the bokth, tho he took a thneak."

"Do not worry," advised Chickering, "It's Merriwell's old gag. If he didn't pull this stunt, it would not seem like old times. That drunken sailor will blow up in the first; Richard Merriwell will rescue the team and then, in turn, will start to slump in the eighth; and lo, in the first of the ninth, in will come Mr. Frank Merriwell, bowing and scraping to the roar of the crowd. In that way, both the Merriwell boys will get all the credit for pulling the team out of a bad hole; and if the game is lost they will say it isn't the fault of either of them. But I'm terribly afraid they will be too late."

"Thath juth the way I feel about it deah boy," simpered Veazie, and the rest of the set agreed.

Walter Wiley was terribly nervous. He stretched his arms as if to insure their elasticity. He watched the bases as though he were afraid one might vanish, should he turn his back. He checked over the fielders as though he expected to discover four the next time he looked.

"Play ball," cried the umpire.

Swinging his arm like a windmill a half dozen times, Wiley spun the ball over for a neat drop, and Olcott, who headed the list, fowled it into the bleachers.

"That's finding it," roared the crowd.

The next was an outcurve, which Terry simply looked at. Another was not just satisfactory, and he let it pass.

Wiley started the ball down near the ground, and turning a half circle, put one over the plate.

"Two and two," said the umpire.

"You've got him guessing," piped a shrill voice from the grandstand. "Guess these movements hypnotized 'em."

Terry made a swing at the next and missed. He was out.

Wiley bewildered the next two batters, and the side was retired.

The Merriwells could do nothing against Fed, who retired the side with twelve pitched balls.

Wiley passed the first batter, and then struck out the next two. The third got a single, he passed the fourth, and that filled the bases.

Hodge and Wiley held a consultation.

"Mate," said Wiley, "I'll razzle-dazzle this next bird."

"Wiley," growled Hodge. "Better try to pitch, and never mind this clock winding business."

The Marine Marvel seemed not at his best; at least the breaks went



against him. He got the next batter with three balls and two strikes, but the batter refused the next ball, was passed and forced in a run.

Dick Merriwell and the Marine Marvel changed places, and Dick struck the next man out with three pitched balls, retiring the side. Score: 1-0.

At this moment a taxicab tore along the grandstand and stopped.

Out jumped Frank Merriwell, bareheaded and all out of breath.

A joyous shout went up from the crowd.

The Boys crowded around Merry in a few moments, while the Fearnots took their position in the field.

"Did you see Felicia?" queried Dick, a quickening in his voice, at the thought of his boyhood playmate so near at hand.

"It was not Felicia," replied Frank. "As I was running down to the station to meet the train, a car came along and I was offered a lift. There are two depots here you know, and Dick went to the other. I didn't have a great deal of time and was glad to ride. The chauffeur let me get in the rear compartment where there was a man of medium age. We chatted awhile and suddenly he leaned over and asked: 'Do you remember the Magic Spectacles?'"

"That's what the note said," cried Hodge excitedly.

"Yes, it referred to a man who was out to 'get' me. Had almost dedicated his life to the task. I refer to Porfias Del Norte, or Santenel, as he was likewise known. These spectacles played an important part in a little drama one day in the mountain region. He tried to hurl me off a moving train, but my magic spectacles enabled me to see what transpired behind my back and I fooled the villain easily. I swear, although the man has been dead for twenty years, I almost thought he was reincarnated in the stranger at my side. As the car left the road to the station and entered an old wood road, he shot that question at me. I was stunned for a moment, but my wits were working and I asked him what the joke was. He said he was Del Norte, and although I thought him dead, he could not die; not even cave-ins, burning buildings nor explosions had an effect on him. He was going to live until he killed me, and then die of old age. He actually seemed insane. I tried to calm him, so asked him what he knew of Felicia.

"A soft light came into his eyes and he said: 'I know all about Felicia, her health, her happiness. I know you love her. I know the whole story from her own lips, but that will not save you. I tricked you through her tales of your brother. It was a shock when first she mentioned your name to me, but I was foxy enough to hide my hatred of you from her. I listened and plotted and knew the time would come when I could use her name to decoy you. A Del Norte does not strike without warning; and I sent you a note, knowing you would understand, but others would not.'

"Well, boys, we soon had a battle royal, in which the driver of the car joined. That man seemed as strong as two ordinary men. It was by the sheerest luck that I held my own until Bowery Billy arrived on the scene and took a hand. I won't tell the whole story now. Suffice to say Del Norte relented, and said it was bred in the bone to hate me."

"Was it really Porfias Del Norte?" asked Hodge.

"Bowery Billy is escorting him to the train. He is returning to Mexico. He will not bother us again. He has weighed his hatred of me against the love of his wife, and the latter won out. 'Felicia Del Norte will be glad to have us both visit them,' he said."

The last of the ninth.

The great gathering had watched a pitchers' battle between Fred Fearnot and Frank Merriwell. The score still stood 1 to 0 in favor of the

Fearnots. Both pitchers held the batters down and scarce five men had reached first base.

Inza Merriwell was sitting beside Evelyn, Fearnot's wife-to-be. "Oh, Evelyn," she exclaimed as she squeezed her hand, "this is the happiest day of yours and Fred's lives. I wonder if Frank would think me unkind if I said 'I hope Fred wins?' With his last game a winning one, nothing would mar the marriage ceremony tonight. As for Frank:—It would mean only another victory."

The Merriwell nine were making ready to fight for a run in this last inning which would tie the game.

The Chickering set had it all doped out, and Ollie Lord was nodding and nodding, like a ventriloquist's dummy as Veazie said: "It'th a fwame-up. Merriwell'th team getth a wun and tieth. The game goeth on faw a dothen more innineth and ith finally called on account of darkneth."

Dick Merriwell was the first man up. He hit the first ball for a single bag, and Mulloy came up. Barney sacrificed him to second. Brown-ing hit a single on which Dick went to third.

Now the crowd began to roar for the Merriwells to "come through."

With a man on first and one on third and only one out, Diamond came to the plate. He was retired on three pitched balls.

It seemed as though Fred had tightened up.

In the meantime Browning stole second.

A mighty roar came from the crowd, as Frank Merriwell advanced to the plate.

"Good Bye Fearnot," started to the tune of "Bye Bye Blackbird" in the bleachers and was taken up by Merriwell sympathizers, while those who favored Fred started to hiss. The din was terrific.

Pale, but determined, Fearnot faced Merriwell.

With an enigmatic smile Frank Merriwell awaited the first ball.

"Crack!" The ball sailed out—out—and, yes!—over the fence!

"Foul ball!" cried the umpire. "To the right of first base."

Again Fred wound up and delivered the ball.

"Crack!" In almost the same place, another foul.

Now was the deciding moment of the game.

Frank looked at Fred. Visibly nervous, Fred steeled himself for the next ball to put over the famous Yale graduate.

On it came, like a bullet!

Frank struck—and missed by a foot!

"Batter out." shrieked the umpire. "Side retired. Game over."

Fred Fearnot's team had won by a score of 1-0.

A mighty throng poured into the diamond. It split in two sections. One crowd carried Fred; the other Frank, around and around the field. The band struck up, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and everyone cheered, shouted and made gay and happy noises.

That night Bart Hodge grabbed Merriwell by the shoulders and his face was dark as he cried, "Frank! Frank! After two cracks at the ball, you missed the last one by a mile! Don't tell me you didn't do that on purpose! Don't tell me you didn't do that just because your sympathy was all with Fred! Own up!"

Frank laughed.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALL IN THE FAMILY. More than 100 years after his death, the legend of publishing mogul Frank Leslie remains, by Elizabeth Baroody. Article in *Antiques and Collecting*, January, 1991. Very good illustrated article on Frank Leslie and his publications. (Sent in by John V. Cody.)



## THREE NOVELISTS WHO DIDN'T BITE THE DUST

By E. M. Sanchez-Saavedra

Although it is generally accepted that the movies were instrumental in killing the nickel libraries, they failed to do likewise with at least three of the genre's major authors. On the principle of "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," Cornelius Shea, Luis P. Senarens, and Francis Worcester Doughty made the transition from grinding out thrillers for Frank Tousey, to scenario-writing for the early movie pictures.

About twenty years ago, I had the good fortune to rescue a number of books from a library discard heap. Among them was an attractive volume entitled: *MOTION PICTURE STUDIO DIRECTORY*, 1919 Edition, Published by Motion Picture News, Inc. Recently, while reading some past issues of *Dime Novel Round-Up*, I learned that Francis W. Doughty (1850-1917) had written several scripts for the movies, as well as articles for *Moving Picture Stories*. Although the studio Directory appeared nearly two years after Doughty's death at his home in Cresskill, NJ, I thought that he might be mentioned somewhere. Lo and behold! not only was his listing intact in the "Editors and Writers" section, but two other familiar names "leaped off the printed page" as I leafed through the book.

- (p. 224) **DOUGHTY, Francis Worcester**; b. Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1850; early career, writer of detective stories, author of the "Old King Brady" series; screen career, has written for Solax, Horsley-Bostock ("Hook and Hand"), Thanhouser ("The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery" serial). Member Photodramatists, Inc. Ad., Cresskill, N. Y.
- (p. 236) **SENARENS, Lu**; b. Brooklyn, N. Y.; educ. St. John's Coll.; early career, 18 yrs. editor and writer, author of many serials, short stories, essays and poems, editor of "Brooklyn Blade," has also written several popular songs; screen career, Reliance (script editor, wrote "The Big Boss," "The Grafters," "The Somnambulist," etc.), Essanay ("A Million Dollar legacy"), Eclair ("The Power of Love," etc.), also with Nestor. Member of Screen Club, Writers' Club, and Photodramatists, Inc. Home ad., 309 Beverly rd., Brooklyn, N. Y. Bus. ad., 168 W. 23d st., N. Y. C.
- (p. 238) **SHEA, Cornelius**; b. Staten Island, 1863; educ. there; early career, author of boys' stories for 27 yrs., originator and author of "Young Wild West"; screen career, Essanay. Vitagraph. Selig ("The Lucky Elopement," "The Girl of Gold Gulch," Tom Mix photoplays). Member Photodramatists, Inc. Ad., home, 218 Fisher ave., Tottenville, N. Y.

Only three of the studios for which they supplied scenarios were located in Los Angeles/Hollywood: David Horsley, Selig, and Tom Mix, who had a subsidiary of Fox Studios. Thanhouser was based in New Rochelle, NY, Eclair in Fort Lee, NJ, Essanay in Chicago, and Vitagraph in Flatbush, Long Island.

Besides Tousey's *YOUNG WILD WEST* series, "Connie" Shea (1863-1920) wrote for several other Tousey publications and served as Supervisor of the Census. He was active in local political and fraternal organizations in the Staten Island, NY, area.

Luis Philip Sanarens (1863-1939) began his literary career at the age of 14, used at least 27 pseudonyms, and claimed to have produced about 1,500 novels before his death at 76. The son of a Cuban tobacco merchant, he paid his way through college with his *FRANK READE* stories, which he took over from another very young novelist, Dr. Harry Enton, then a medical student, who wrote for Beadle and Tousey. In addition to his science

fiction stories, Senarens is also credited with the "Police Capt. Howard," "W. J. Earle," "Ned Sparling," and "Kit Clyde" pseudonymous tales, plus some of the later *Secret Service* numbers.

Last of the trio was Francis W. Doughty, creator of OLD KING BRADY, YOUNG KLONDIKE, and dozens of other serials and factual pieces in *Happy Days* and other Tousey publications, such as *Boys of New York* and *Young Men of New York*. The original OLD KING BRADY tales in the *New York Detective Library*, and the later *Secret Service* weekly are among the best dime novel detective stories.

Doughty was an amateur archaeologist, numismatist, and gemologist, as well as a collector of books and antiquities. Unlike most of the "slam-bang" detective writers, he provided considerable background detail and observation, and Old King Brady substituted intelligence for brute force. Lowell Hansel, producing manager of the Thanhauser Film Corporation, sought him out to salvage an unsuccessful serial called *Zudora*, which Doughty reworked as the *\$20,000,000 Mystery*. It ran to 20 episodes.

References: *Dime Novel Round-Up*, July, 1940, and February, 1957. W. C. Miller, DIME NOVEL AUTHORS (Grafton, MA, 1933). Unpublished biographical sketch of F. W. Doughty, by Robert H. Smeltzer, ca. 1930, and correspondence between Smeltzer and Emma Doughty, 1926-1927.

\* \* \* \* \*

### LETTER

Dear Eddie,

I am sending this note to you and to Victor Berch to let you both know that I find your THE ALGER SHORT STORIES not only an attractive volume but also thoroughly organized for prompt reference.

It is indeed a break-through for those who are interested in the short story, poetry, essay and article phases of Alger's writing.

Many thanks for this help.

Sincerely,

Jack Barker

\* \* \* \* \*

THE ALGER SHORT STORIES, compiled from published listings by Gardner, Gruber, Westgard, Bennett, Pachon and Berch. The listing is in alphabetic order and includes new findings through June, 1990. \$20.00

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